WHIMSICAL WHIMSIES

LITTLE PICTURES OF

PEOPLE AND THINGS

By ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER

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Whimsical whimsies; little pictures of people and things

Whimsical Whimsies

Little Pictures of People and Things

BY

ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER

Author of

"MEMORIES OF MY SON"
[*Sergeant Joyce Kilmer*]
and
"LEAVES FROM MY LIFE"

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DEDICATION

To one, whose consent was always asked after I had accomplished something, the result of which I was a little dubious, and whose sympathy never failed me. Who, while he may not have always understood, at least fully appreciated me—

Who has always granted my every wish, and who, I trust, will grant my last, that of allowing me to go before him

These scribblings are dedicated

My Husband

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F. B. KILMER, D. SC.; PH. M.

FOREWORD

It has been said that "good Wine needs no bush," and while existing circumstances prevent me from testing or tasting any quality of wine, and I never was sure what "bush" had to do with it, still I suppose I might infer that the better the book the less it needs a preface. In that case I fear the latter would far exceed the size of this volume. However, the writing of its chapters has furnished me some pleasure, and I can only hope my readers (if the book is fortunate enough to have any) will share this pleasure in some slight degree with me.

Though the book cannot be said to "point a moral, or adorn a tale," it has the charm of not taking long to read!

ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER.

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HOW SONGS CAME TO ME

HOW SONGS CAME TO ME

It may be of interest to those who read these pages to know in what chronological order the music of six of my son's poems were composed by me.

I will quote from my second book "Leaves From My Life." Joyce had been working since his marriage on Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary, and teaching in Morristown Public School. I didn't see as much of him those years ('08-'09) as in 1910, when he moved to New York, having an apartment on 184th street, where he began in real earnest his literary labours, writing verse and reviews.

From then on, up to the War, every Thursday, when we could arrange it, we always had luncheon together. It was during one of those happy hours that the first inspiration of putting music to his poetry, came to me.

It was always his custom, when he had written a poem, to submit it to me. That day he handed me a manuscript saying "Here's something I thought you might like to see. I wrote it the other day. You know, Fairies are supposed to sleep in the daytime." It was "Lullaby to a Baby Fairy." I read the first line—

"Night is over, in the clover, globes of crystal

shine!" I looked up at him, and said "It sounds like a song." He said, "I thought perhaps a song might be made ot it." I read the next line—

"Daylight calling, Sunlight falling, on the wet green vine" and exclaimed, "Why! it sings itself," and then he said, "Why don't you make a tune for it?" I said "Oh! Dearest, you know that I haven't a bit of composition in me," but just as I spoke these words, the tune began to form in my mind, and on my way home, in the train, the rest of it came to me.

It was published by the Star Music Publishing Co., High Holborn, London W., the following year, and was the first of the six composed.

My second song "Gifts of Shee," from his first book of verse "Summer of Love" (as was also "Lullaby to a Baby Fairy"), was published in 1912. The tune of "Gifts of Shee" I endeavored to make Irish, and Irish and English musicians have told me that I succeeded.

The third "Song of Terre de' Amour," was from his second book of verse "Trees, and other Poems," which was dedicated to me, to my great delight!

The fourth, "The Yellow Gown," was written by both of us to go to a tune I had set to his poem "Stars" from "Trees" and other Poems," but which he did not think simple enough for the words, and "The Yellow Gown" was evolved.

The fifth, "The Valentine," was written for me,

and was one of many that he wrote to me for St. Valentine's Day, and was also the loveliest!

The sixth—but I will quote again from my second book, "Leaves from My Life"—"When I took the latest one, 'Trees', in 1920, to the same Music Publishers in London, the same gentleman began to raise objections, saying there was a printers' strike on, the cost would be much greater, etc., etc. I said 'You remember doing those other songs for me (naming them), "Lullaby to a Baby Fairy," "Song of Terre de'Amour," "Gifts of Shee," "The Yellow Gown," and "The Valentine?"' He said 'Oh yes, I remember them very well.' I said, 'Those poems were written by a young poet at the zenith of his career; this one "Trees" is by a dead Hero Poet, who lies in France, killed in 1918.' He said 'I'll do it!'—and he *did,* though it was nearly the end of the Summer before it was done."

This is the little chronology of Joyce's poems, which I was so happy in putting to music. Oh! believe, you who may read these lines, that it is not the vanity of the woman which has caused me to write them, but the strong, loving pride of the mother, who cannot allow her son's memory to be forgotten, but will keep it fresh and green, as was the grass over his dear grave in France, when she kissed it as she knelt beside it, in 1920.

A. K-K.

HOW HE GOT HIS START

"HOW HE GOT HIS START"

WRITTEN FOR AND PUBLISHED IN THE AMERICAN DRUG JOURNAL

Mr. Kilmer doesn't know I'm writing this, in fact it has been my custom through a long and varied life not to ask his opinion or advice on a matter I purposed to interest myself in, especially if I thought either might be adverse. As we have never been divorced once, it will be seen that my undertakings have at least been within the law, and I think the present instance will prove no exception.

To begin, then, Mr. Kilmer and I eloped when we were very, very young. At that time he was running a tiny drug store with the aid of another boy in Sunbury, Pa. We soon discovered that he would make more money as a clerk, so he sold the "pill box" and took a position in Newark, N. J., I remaining in Binghamton, N. Y., near my parents, who had become reconciled to our marriage, so much so that my father wished to start my husband in business, but we were plucky enough to wish to be independent. It was while he was clerking in Newark that he studied for, and received, his Diploma in Pharmacy at the College in Philadelphia, which two years ago conferred upon him the degree of Ph. M.

From Newark, he removed to Morristown, N. J., where I joined him, and was able to eke out our

slender income by giving lessons on the piano, and singing in one of the church choirs. We were only in Morristown a short time when he purchased the Opera House Drug Store in New Brunswick, which has been our home town ever since. Expenses were heavy, but I am proud to remember that "I did my bit" in keeping the books, making out bills, and even topping perfume bottles with chamois skin for the Holiday trade.

After a few years he sold his store and entered Johnson & Johnson's big factory as analytical chemist. From then on my assistance was not required, but that I am still useful to him is proven by the fact that only the other day I made a metrical version of a Latin dedication (from a literal English translation) in an old book on Belladonna, from which he wished to quote in the work on that drug in which he is engaged.

I do not wish to seem egotistical, but I really think there would be more successes in the lives of men if their wives realized that they ought to be not only " a Help eat, but a Help mate," as an old gentleman used to say to me when he would come into the store and see me working on the books.

I am glad that I have been, and still am of service to my husband, and also proud in being the wife of

F. B. Kilmer, D. Sc., Ph. M.

SHIP'S CONCERTS

SHIP'S CONCERTS

A not inconsiderable portion of a comparatively happy life has been spent on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. One feature of perhaps the first concert I ever had the pleasure of attending, stands out humorously among my recollections.

It was the custom, twenty years ago, as now, for a sometimes self-constituted "Concert Committee," to seek out those who by reputation were musically inclined, and beg them to favour the Ship's passengers with specimens of their art, either vocal or instrumental—Failing any celebrities they would approach others, and in the words of the English Yorkshire Toastmaster would say (approximately) "Sir (or Madam) I see you 'ave a musical face, will you oblige the Company?" Cases have been known where persons ambitious to shine and sure of their own musical ability, which had been so highly, nay enthusiastically applauded by kind friends in—say —Tompkins Center, after waiting what seemed to them, an unreasonable time for an invitation to sing at the Concert, would modestly approach the Chairman of the Concert Committee and proffer their services.

It was my good fortune to witness an incident of this kind, or rather there were two incidents of that ever memorable concert, 'way back in the last year of the 19th century—which I never wish to forget! First, because they were so superhumanly and exquisitely funny, and second because the Actors or Vocalists, I suppose I must call them, hadn't the faintest idea that they were making themselves ridiculous, and I presume to this day relate to astonished and admiring friends of Tompkins Center, about the time when they delighted the Ship's company by their songs "at a reglar Concert, everybody in swaller tail and low-necked dresses, by Gosh!"

The vocalists I am trying to picture, were stout common-place looking men of a little past middle age. One was balder than the other, which was the only difference I remember of noting between them. He approached several men near me with the request for the loan of a very old Hat! He said "I want an old hat that I can use in a song that I have sung a good many times, and it always makes a great hit! The name of the song is 'Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that hat?' Ever hear it?" Nobody had—and he sang it—and I for one, can never forget it! The lines quoted formed the principal part of the so-called song, but Oh! the gestures as he strutted about with it, now

The King's Library

delicately on one side, another time on the back of his head, sometimes almost obliterating his eyesight, at other times held daintily in one hand and occasionally owing to excess of emotion, it was rolling around on the floor—while all the time, the (so-called) melody came trippingly, by a voice which had never been hampered by instruction, and the refrain went on and on "Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that hat?"

The other singer, who might have been the twin brother of the first one, maybe he was, I haven't the programme to verify my belief, had a song of quite different calibre. No humour about this, simply pathos. A sentimental ballad, tune and words not so bad, and dealing with the treasures one keeps of the dear departed—the chorus of each verse (and there were several) began with the words " 'Tis but a little faded flower" and goes on to mention a lock of hair "still fondly kept." When at the first chorus, that fleshy man took from some recesses of his person a flower! which certainly was "faded." Where he procured it, I do not know, but of course that was comparatively easy, but when he produced a lock of hair, which could not have come from his own head, for he was bald (perhaps the Ship's barber supplied it) and proceeded to sing about that—Reason rocked upon her throne! The next morning, actuated by a spirit of deviltry, I in-

duced him to repeat it, to the great disgust of two Englishmen seated near the Piano playing Cribbage. The look of astonished horror which came over their faces, as he, with excuses because he didn't have his properties, in the faded flower, and the lock of hair, began to warble " 'Tis but a little faded flower," while they hastily got up and sought another place to finish their game, made the incident ever memorable to me.

Then there was the Concert on a White Star steamer—I don't remember anything about, only the concluding item, which was "Talk, by Mrs. ———," a tall angular female who was evidently a Suffragist. She rambled on and on, to the intense boredom of every one (for who wanted to hear about Woman Suffrage on Shipboard!). When she had exhausted the subject as well as her hearers, she proceeded to tell about a visit she had made to the Steerage, though what that had to do with Women's Rights no one knew! She enlarged upon the sad case of a young man who was ill, and wound up her extraordinary speech by declaiming "And the Doctor wouldn't take a single tip." As I was leaving the Dining Saloon, where the Concert had been held, I came abreast of the before mentioned Ship's Doctor, with an extremely bored expression on his clean-cut English face, and I said to him, sotto voce in passing "From Battle, Murder,

and strong-minded women!" to which he fervently responded "Good Lord! Deliver us!"

Then there was the Concert for the benefit of two little Polish Jewesses, who were going to Germany to study music! They played so inhumanly well, that one wondered what they had to learn—and how they could possibly play any better, no matter where they studied. This was nearly twenty years ago—I wonder what ever became of them! I wish I had kept the programme!

Another pleasant concert I remember in 1915 Anna Held sang and I don't know which I admired the more, her tiny feet as she stood on a table singing the songs she had sung to the boys over-seas, or her wonderful eyes, which sparkled as she sang her old-time favourite "I can't make my eyes behave." Voice she had none, but her personality could only have been equalled by another "Anna Held" which so far has not appeared. Poor lady! She died not long ago.

I remember crossing with Will Rogers. He didn't perform any of his rope whirling stunts—because his time was fully occupied with carrying around his little boy of four or five over his shoulders, usually by the feet, to my great alarm. Mrs. Rogers, a delicate-looking little woman was ill nearly all the way home, but this is a digression, and nothing to do with Concert, neither has a wonderful reci-

tation by Ruth Draper whom I heard for the first time on that voyage, and whom I thought and still think far superior to Beatrice Hereford.

A semi-tragic episode of one Concert I will give in conclusion.—A fat man who had been poorly nearly all the voyage, offered to give the final number, by singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," but Alas! he came to grief on the second line when essaying to warble "I lay me down in peace to sleep." The boat gave a lurch and he sank gracefully down, but *not* to sleep! Tender Stewards bore him to his State room and I don't think I ever laughed as much in my life! Human nature is unfeeling.

MAIDS MADE AND UNMADE

MAIDS MADE AND UNMADE

I wonder if a brief account of some of the maids who have lived with me for the last thirty years would be interesting to the general public? They will not point a moral, or I fear adorn a tale, but—I will begin with the first maid I ever employed in my early married life. I knew little about managing a home or a maid, but it seemed to me a little peculiar that Mary should at once accost me as "Annie" and my young husband as "Fred." Still I thought she merely wished to be friendly and hated to reprove her, but when, in a few days she called my father "Andy" and my mother "Ellen," I thought it was time to call a halt. She didn't stay long after that, for her knowledge of cooking was even more limited than mine!

Another little maid whom I remember more pleasantly, was "Little Annie Rooney"—only ten years my junior. She knew absolutely nothing about housework, but she idolized me, and was quick to learn. Unfortunately, there was an epidemic of typhoid fever, to which she succumbed.

Following her was an elderly woman who was slightly insane. The first instance of her dementia I observed when, on coming into the kitchen one

day, I saw to my horror that she was making soup of the skeleton of the Thanksgiving turkey by boiling it in the wash boiler! The next night she took several large knives to bed with her to protect her, she said, "from the little devils that were annoying her." Then I thought it was time for "a parting of the ways."

After that I had a long succession of colored people, and some of my experiences with them have been very amusing.

My jolly little Susie, whose humour was a never-failing source of enjoyment to me. In those days one maid was both cook and waitress in my tiny ménage. One day I brought home a very dear, and also deaf, friend, for luncheon. When it came time for the dessert Susie brought on rather small pieces of lemon pie. My deaf friend ate her's with gusto, upon which I motioned, asking if she wanted any more. She shook her head negatively. Susie said, sotto voce "pie all gone"; upon which I seized my friend's ear trumpet and asked loudly if she wouldn't have another piece. Before she could answer, Susie in desperation called out "I tell you, they ain't no mo' pie."

Then there was my tall, statuesque Ida—"tidy Idy" I used to call her, for she was neatness itself. Her powers in cooking were limited, but she made

a specialty of grilled sardines on toast. Her bread, too, was remarkably good.

Then there was the dark, diminutive Ruanna, who could make soups out of thin air, apparently. She had four children in the South and I was the means of bringing them on to her, as she worried so about their well-being. I remember the day they came, with furniture tags bearing my name and address attached to them—and how agitated the neighbors were when they saw them disporting themselves in the back garden. One lady said in a horrified tone "Are you going to keep them?" (as if they were kittens), upon which I laughed and said "No, my heart is big enough, but the house isn't—Ruanna has taken some rooms the other side of town, where she will keep them." But Ruanna soon drifted away. She had an incurable fecundity which made it awkward.

Something similar was a young colored girl Nettie, who made one of the best chambermaid-waitresses I ever had—but one never knew when she was about to make a hurried call to the Hospital. She is married now, and I miss her very much.

Then there was my nice Nettie who was with me many years—a most capable colored woman. She also was very fond of me. I remember an amusing incident which occurred on a train—she sat in the seat ahead of me with my hat which I had taken

off on account of the heat. A party of young women came in and one started to sit down with Nettie. There were plenty of other seats but she was too indolent to look farther. Nettie repulsed her, saying "This is my lady's hat, you can't sit here," upon which the girl said "You Nigger," and Nettie breathing rapidly said "You Jew"—and when she added "don't get megoing, don't get megoing" I was frightened and put my hand on her shoulder saying "Nettie, please." Fortunately, the conductor came along and gave the Jewess another seat. It was funny, though, when I realized that usually some people do not care to sit with poor Nettie on account of her color, and this white girl was insisting on doing so, to the verge of warfare!

Then there was, and is, my nice Mary, also colored, and one of the brightest women I ever knew. A wonderful housekeeper and cook. She has been with me six years, and I am much attached to her.

Katy, a Russian Slav, I remember with affectionate gratitude. She was living with me at the time of my greatest sorrow—when I lost my son—and an own daughter could not have shown greater sympathy. She is married now and has a home in a nearby town, with two pretty children, to whom I am Godmother, and who kiss my hand when I go to see them bearing gifts, two or three times a year.

THE REVEREND HUGH GUY VICAR OF WOOD DITTON NEWMARKET, CAMBRIDGESHIRE CHURCH OF THE KILBURN WINDOW

ENGLISH CLERGY AND LAYMEN I HAVE MET

ENGLISH CLERGY AND LAYMEN I HAVE MET

Twelve summers in England spent by one (to quote my son Joyce Kilmer) who "does not possess to any remarkable extent, the qualities of a recluse," have made me richer and happier by almost an innumerable number of pleasant English men and boys, from the Archbishop of York, Gen. Booth, Sal. Army, Vicars, Rectors, Curates, down to Actors, Business men and boys—farmers and 'Bus men.

My first intimate knowledge of an English Vicar's life and family came in 1903, when I spent a few weeks as paying guest at the Vicarage of Wood Ditton—Reverend Hugh Guy. "He is a tall, athletic Englishman of about forty, and is a good specimen of a Vicar of the Church Militant. In preaching or talking his blue eyes twinkle, his broad shoulders jerk, and you note at once that he feels the truth of every word he says and has the courage of his convictions. He is an Oxford man, and was (before accepting the Living at Wood Ditton), Curate at St. Mary's, in the Parish of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk."

The above is a quotation from my book "Leaves

From My Life," Frye Publishing Company, New York.

The Preacher at the ceremonies of the Memorial Window in Wood Ditton, 1905, was the Rural Dean of Thurlow, Rev. E. K. Douglas, M.A., Rector of Chevely. He preached a most eloquent sermon, and I was very sorry that I did not have the notes.

Of course the most notable clergyman was His Grace The Right Reverend Archbishop of York. It was at a Tea given at the beautiful Bishop's Palace, where I was presented to His Grace. The rather flustered young curate, whom I had seen ordained that day in York Minster, said "This lady came over to see me ordained," but I amended "I come over *every* summer." His Grace was most affable, and my afternoon at the Palace was one of many happy memories I have of England.

The late Reverend Borrisow. "It was in 1908 that I made a delightful acquaintance which was to last 'til death severed the bond of friendship. I was going from Coxwold to York one day, when on entering the third-class carriage I saw a handsome old Cleric with snowy hair and bright blue eyes. I entered into conversation with him, for it is quite proper to address a parson in England, even if you don't know him. He seemed interested in an American woman spending three months in the Yorkshire country-side, though I doubt if his interest would

have been as keen had I been an "American Tourist."

I learned that he was the Rector at Gilling East, a few stations off, and later I was to learn that he had tutored the Indian Prince Ranji Singhi at Cambridge, where he (Rev. L. Borrisow) was forty years a Precentor at Trinity, and when I accepted my first invitation, through one of his daughters who kept the beautiful Rectory at Gilling East in order, I found a charming home. Mr. Borrisow's wife had died many years before.

One of the daughters had been an especial favorite of Ranji Singhi (as he was familiarly called by the English) and the home held many evidences of his generosity. In the drawing room was an ivory elephant about a foot high, with sparkling ruby eyes. The Misses Borrisow showed me many wonderful jewels, so big and gorgeous that they didn't look real!

From then on, up to the summer of 1915 when he, his daughters, and two nephews of Ranji Singhi, had tea with me for the last time in my sitting room at Faulkenberg Arms, Coxwold, York (Rev. Borrisow died, alas! that winter), I was never in Yorkshire that I didn't have a number of invitations to spend "a long day" (i.e. from luncheon 'till after tea) with them.

In the summer of 1909 I received a note from him which I will quote here:

"The Rectory,
Gilling East, York.
June 18, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer:

I hope you received my letter before you left home. You must be in England by this time, and I am writing to say how pleased I and my daughters will be if you will spend a long day with us, as soon as may be convenient to yourself. We will then go up to the castle and examine the emblazoned frieze of the famous dining room. So please let me hear from you.

I am addressing this to High Kilburn, thinking you may be there.

Believe me, Y'rs Sincerely,
L. Borrisow."

Of course I went, and a funny little incident occurred which goes to prove that "new rich" people in England much resemble their cousins in the same class, over here. We called at Gilling Castle. The family, wealthy mine owners, had only recently leased the castle. A daughter of the house attached herself to me, but when we reached the famous dining room (of which Mr. Borrisow speaks in his letter) and I wanted to minutely examine the Yorkshire Crests which were all emblazoned in a frieze around the

CAPTAIN ARTHUR BRIGGS
ENGLISH CHURCH ARMY

walls, and find if possible the Kilburn Crest which I was sure would be there, I was hurried through by Miss ——— who wished to show me what she seemed to consider the most interesting part of the castle—viz., the KITCHEN, where the family had recently installed all the newest labor saving electrical devices known! My mind was never so evenly divided between rage and amusement, but I don't think I showed it."

The above is taken from my book "Leaves from My Life."

Reverend Fitz Herbert was another English Clergyman whom I met in the summer of 1899, on my first visit to England. He was Vicar of the old parish church of St. Mary's at Tissington, Ashbourne. "He is a tall, scholarly looking man. We had been through the church exploring it, and stopping at the vicarage to return the key, I was so fortunate as to meet him. He was most kind and gave me much valuable information about the church, which is one of the oldest in these parts, dating back to King William the Conqueror. In fact, the old stone Font, with its almost illegible carving, and its conical top, something like an old fashioned candle extinguisher, suggested even a more remote era." Quotation from my Book "Leaves from My Life."

Captain Arthur Briggs, of the English Church Army. I will quote from my book "Leaves from My Life":

"I was interested the other day in some Church Army people who came to have tea with us—two bright boys of 22 and 19, sent out by the Church of England to do evangelistic work. The Church Army work is very like that done by the Salvation Army, only that only men and boys are employed, and so far as I have seen, no Tambourines. It aims to reach the non-church-going people, with the intent of course, of making Church of England converts. The workers travel in a big van and hold meetings on the village green, or private lawns. Captain Briggs, the older boy who was here, was charming. He was my partner in croquet, and if he preaches as well as he plays croquet, I should like to hear him. He is sending me a photo of the Van, which will have an honored place in my scrap book."

The Vicar of Coxwold, Rev. E. Hedger, was another pleasant acquaintance. It was a pleasure to hear him give his fine sermons in the very selfsame church where Laurence Sterne was once incumbent. He had one of the most musical voices I ever heard in the chancel.

The late Rev. Ralph Proude, Vicar of St. Mary's Kilburn, York, was another delightful parson friend.

THE REVEREND RICHARD BOLTON
VICAR OF FENNY BENTLY, DERBYSHIRE

Rev. R. Hawkins is the present Vicar, and I have pleasant recollections of him as he often kindly presided at the Kilburn School Treat I have given since 1911.

Rev. R. Bolton, my son Joyce and I met one morning on one of our rambles near Tissington, Ashbourne, Derby. He was such a pleasant-looking old gentleman in sports clothes, that I felt no hesitancy in asking him how we might enter the beautiful old church nearby, as it was locked. He said to Joyce, "Son, go over to that cottage and ask for the key of the church—tell her the Vicar wants it." I said, "Oh! the Vicar," as it was my first visit to England, and I did not know then how kind and uniformly courteous the English clergy are! He went with us, and pointed out the beauties of the church, and he was kind enough to say that he did *not* allow the church to be shown to the ordinary Tripper, but made an exception in our case.

Rev'ds. Moray O'Byrne and Thomas Davison were two young boys when I first met them. They were studying for the ministry at Newark-on-Trent, a very excellent Order which provides secular and religious instruction for boys of limited means who wish to enter the ministry. They were both interesting boys, but I have lost track of them since they became full-fledged Vicars.

There was a little Irish Vicar (I have forgotten

his name) who lived near Wood Ditton. I was paying guest at that time at the Vicarage of Wood Ditton. One afternoon I was invited for tea to his pleasant home. The Vicar, Rev. Hugh Guy and his wife accompanied me. After tea he (the Irish Vicar) showed me some very fine oil paintings which he had done. (I must say, in passing, that he spoke without the slightest accent.) One of the pictures he showed us was an Irish Eviction—I looked at it judicially and remarked, "Well, they ought to pay their rent." I remember the slight gulp he gave as he answered "I suppose that *is* the American way of looking at it."

I was annoyed at myself when I learned afterward that he was Irish, and therefore in sympathy with the poor peasants, and so I should be, but it was twenty years ago, and I had the intolerance of youth.

I have met some notable English Actors:

The first time I saw Sir Martin and Lady Harvey was in London at the "Gaiety Theatre," the summer of 1899, in "The Only Way." It was my first experience in a London Theatre, and I was very thrilled as I followed the girl usher, carrying a flashlight, through the dark theatre, into the tiny Box which was ours. The play had begun, Martin Harvey lay dying in the attic after his duel with the wicked nobleman, while the good "Dr. Minnette"

leaned over him. With one eye on the stage and the other on the flashlight, I was gropingly trying to find my seat—suddenly I saw a small white spot in the box, I placed my hand on it, and discovered it was the bald spot on the top of my companion's head! I shall never forget the shock it gave me!

I saw Sir Martin Harvey many times in "The Only Way," including his New York appearance in 1900, in which he was a great success. I think I have seen him in most, or at least many of his plays. I went from Wensleydale to Manchester once, to see him in "Edipus Rex."

The last time I saw him in England was not on the Boards,—but in the Square, where he made an impassioned recruiting speech, in the summer of 1915, ending with Helen Grey Cone's wonderful poem "England."

On his last visit to this Country, in 1924, I saw him at the Century Theatre, in "Edipus Rex," "Everyman," and "The Burgomaster." He is, to my mind, the most wonderful and versatile Actor in England.

George Grossmith I met while he was in New York, and playing in "The Girl on the Film." I had seen the Comic Opera in London a number of times, as well as another one almost equally as good "To-night's the Night," but it was in "The Girl on the Film" that I saw him in New York. It had a won-

derful run. I met him by appointment, in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, and have had several letters from him.

The summer of the ever memorable 1914 I was in Buxton. Walking in the Gardens on the 6th of August (two days after England had declared war) I met two boys in Eton suits, whom I had remembered seeing in a play called "The Headmaster" at the pretty Opera House the night before. I spoke to them and was at once attracted by the smaller boy who bore a startling resemblance to Gainsboro's "Blue Boy." I had them both come for tea at my hotel—The Crescent—and afterward had them dine with me.

I liked the younger boy the better of the two—I suppose because he was English and the other German. I soon lost track of the German, but Rodney Barrie is still my friend. I saw him when I was last in England, in 1920, and together we spent many happy hours in London, and afterwards in Buxton, Derby, where I was stopping at St. Ann's, in "The Crescent."

In London I had the pleasure of introducing him to the "Cheshire Cheese" and Madame Tussand's, now, alas, destroyed by fire.

In Buxton our chief delights were to visit the Antique Shops and the "Cat and Fiddle," that spot

ACTOR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR

which (to quote from the Guide Books) is "The highest hostelry in England."

In Mr. Barrie's boyhood he was with Beerbohm Tree, and acted with some distinction in London and the provinces, on both the spoken and silent stage.

Unfortunately, while God gave him brains, his lack of inches has always been a serious detriment to him. He served in the War as an aide to a Surgeon on shipboard. He is of good family, being a grandson of Captain William Barrie, R.N. and great-grandson of Admiral Sir Robert Barrie, K.C.B., K.C.H. and Lady Barrie.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

The most poignant and delightful sound to a Mother is her infant's shrill Avê to this strange new world into which he or she has come. She will never hear anything to equal it in beauty on this earth, nor from the Heavenly Choir above!

Farewells are often heart-breaking affairs, but it is of the salutations in between, of which I would speak.

There are many customs and ways of following them in many countries. When people meet, if they know each other, they must greet, unless they wish to give the con-gé direct. Some peoples rub noses, I believe. The French kiss each other's cheeks, regardless of sex—a harrowing sight to an American, worse even than the nose-rubbing-custom. But the habit of grasping each other's hand is common to many nations.

Supposing that one has a number of rings with large, unsympathetic tho' not synthetic stones in them, and one is introduced to a person who, failing any idea as to what they should say, content themselves with firmly grasping your hand and squeezing for all they are worth till you shriek with agony! And then they are so sorry! As if that did any good! Marks of their violence have shown for hours!

We have all read of Presidents, and other famous people, who have been almost crippled by the manual, forcible salutations they have received.

Why is it necessary to grasp a person to show your good-will? And is it always good-will? Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss—

Perhaps my New England blood made me reticent in acknowledging introductions by "shaking hands," especially with those of the opposite sex, and to this day I prefer to take the intending "shaker" by the fingers of the right hand, and gently waggle them in a horizontal direction. I not only earn the reputation of extreme elegance, but I'm not tortured by their friendly (?) vehemence.

Think how much nicer it would be, if on being introduced to a person one might gaily carol like the Happiness Boys (or is it the Golddust Twins?) "How do y'do, how do y'do, how do'doodle doodle do," etc. How much more bright and cheery, with no fingers nearly broken, and everything peaceful.

I'm a prohibitionist in the usual sense of the word, by force of circumstance, but from now on I intend to be one also as far as surrendering my hand to the tender mercies of the too enthusiastic Shaker is concerned.

"To shake is human, to dislocate, the reverse of divine."

FOUR-LEGGED CATS I HAVE KNOWN

INT. ST. [illegible]

FOUR-LEGGED CATS I HAVE KNOWN

All my life I have been a lover of animals and not a few have, I think, loved me.

My first recollection of a scolding from my Mother was when I was four or five years old. I was playing with my kitten and I suppose I must have been rough with it (though I doubt if I was intentionally cruel), but I remember my Mother saying with a grieved expression "Now Annie, the kitten won't love you any more" and how I cried!

I think it was the same kitten, grown to cathood, who climbed on a bureau in my room, and knocked over a box in which I was keeping two little mice—but I'm afraid they were eaten—anyway there was nothing but the empty box with the lid off to tell the tale.

Then as I grew older and sang, there was the cat who howled vigorously only when I sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." All other songs he was indifferent to. In later years I was reminded of him by the funny picture in Punch showing a dog howling when the Tenor at the piano sang "Mee—t me once again"; but that of course was because the dog misunderstood the word and thought it was the butcher calling "Meat" down the area.

BEAUTY

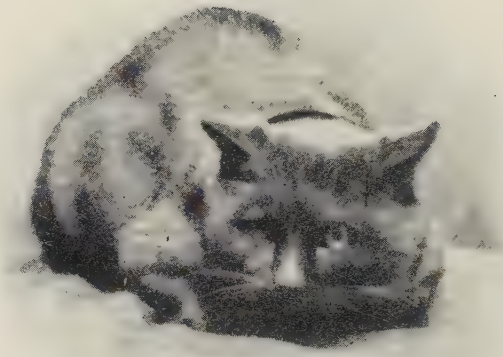
In the early years of my married life I remember an indolent, large, fat white cat, with a black tail, whose only accomplishment was that of drinking coffee every morning. His name was Beauty, and as he was too lazy to get into any rows, his beauty was unimpaired to the end of his days, but he wasn't what you might call a brilliant cat!

Another one by the same name, also white even to his tail, was such a desperate character that we were surprised when he came home with any portion of his anatomy intact. However, he played on the piano with my assistance, a number of tunes.

Then there was the jet black cat, Pluto—of so fierce a disposition that no one but I dared to make him do his one trick, that of jumping over my hand while I shook him gently by his shoulders as he cursed in cat language bitterly.

Another black cat called Chat Noir had a trick of holding my nose in his mouth while I said "Bite Missy's nose very gently." He was the one cat I ever allowed to have a nap with me in the afternoon. He would lie on my arm just like a baby.

Then there was Chat Noir, the lady cat, remarkable for her beauty, and for the great number of beautiful kittens she presented us with. I remember my son was dressing to go to a dance, when he called down "There is a choice collection of kittens in my hat box,"—but there were only two, and I named



RUTGERS

them Rutgers and Columbia. They were both all black like their mother, Chat Noir, only Columbia had a tiny white spot under her chin, while Rutgers hadn't a white hair on him. Columbia was always a nervous cat, I think caused by sitting on some fly-paper inadvertently when she was quite young, and though she was very clever jumping over my hands, with her brother, and playing alto to his air of several tunes, viz.: "I Want to be an Angel," with the "Amen," "On the Banks of the Old Raritan," and Columbia ——— song, still she wandered off twice, and the second time never came back.

Rutgers lived to be eight years old. I always had him wear a little narrow red leather collar, after he had outgrown ribbons, and he really enjoyed wearing them, though he sometimes lost them in his nocturnal rambles.

I remember once when I was leaving for England he had just lost his collar. I bid him goodbye and said "Rutgers, Missy is going to England, but she will buy you a nice collar for your birthday." His birthday was in May. I had not been in London many days before I went to an animal store in the Strand and bought a pretty red leather collar for 2/6. It was addressed to Master Rutgers Kilmer, and the customs official said he must come in person and claim it. That point was gotten over, and

JAMES ON OLD ENGLISH SUN DIAL

when I came home from England that Autumn he was proudly wearing it.

Then there was Chequers—a diminutive black and white kitten, a friend brought me from Town in his overcoat pocket. In due time four kittens came to gladden our home—of which two were retained and named Tennis and Cricket. They grew to cathood, and with their Mother used to help us play croquet. They were dears, and I was broken-hearted when some one poisoned them.

My present cat was named James when I got him a year ago, and he retains his name, though not, I regret to say, his tail, which he lost after some animal had bitten it, and a number of treatments by the best local Vet, was unable to save it, so it had to come off, poor cat, but he is quite happy without it, and weighs fourteen pounds. He is not a very accomplished cat, only in his vocal range, which extends farther up and down than that of any cat I ever owned—he can trill sometimes, in times of great emotion. He is a great lover of the radio, and delights in jumping on top when the most quavering of Sopranos is quavering.

A few months ago I broadcast, and the maid said that he showed great emotion at the sound of my voice, but that may have been imagination on her part—tho I'm sure James is clever enough.

I think that cats and dogs have been greatly ma-

MRS. KILBURN-KILMER 1917

ligned. We speak of "working like a dog" and "tired as a dog," and if a person is particularly mean we call him a "yellow dog." All these assertions are false. And when we mention a woman who is very unpleasant, we call her "catty" which is, I think, a libel on the most aristocratic and high-minded animal I know.

DONNA QUIXOTE

"DONNA QUIXOTE"

Many years ago there lived a girl-woman who sought adventure, and usually found it. Her life was rather ordinary, and without the spirit of high romance with which she was imbued, she would have been rather unhappy.

Once she answered an advertisement for correspondence, and for over a year wrote briskly and entertainingly to a young man, who under the impression that she was what she assumed to be in her letter (a blond young girl with suitors galore, and an urgent desire for advice as to which one she should select) became deeply enamoured. She used the name of the maid in her family.

He was anxious for a photograph, so she sent him a picture of an Aunt with the head cut off and in its place that of a coloured child neatly pasted on. She explained the colour by saying that she was very timid and in moments of excitement blushed deeply, and the red took dark!

He refused to believe that and became so anxious for an interview that she wrote again, this time in the character of the ignorant girl whose name she had used, and telling him that she had copied the previous letters from those furnished her by a mem-

ber of the family where she worked, for a joke, but as her young man (a Policeman) objected very strongly to her writing to another man she was forced to stop the correspondence.

Another correspondence, rather more interesting, arose from her being much amused at the writings of a man in the "Brooklyn Eagle" who wrote the "Spoopendyke Papers." On the impulse of the moment (this time over her own name) she described an absurd adventure she had had late one night at the Penn. Station. She and her husband were waiting for a train, and after getting her a copy of "Spoopendyke Papers" which he found at the News Stand, he wandered off in search of something to eat while she was reading, and unconscious of his absence. Overcome with amusement at some funny incident of "Spoopendyke's" she poked her Husband (as she supposed) with her elbow, saying, "Oh, Fred, this is so funny"—and then discovered to her horror that her Husband was gone, and in his place an austere-looking man! She stammered "Oh! I thought you were my Husband." The outraged man made no response. He evidently did not believe her, and the Husband, of course, was not visible. The next train was the man's, tho not the woman's, and he left with the strong belief written on his rugged countenance that she was an Adventuress of the very worst type.

This incident she described to the writer of the "Spoopendyke Papers" and received a quick response. They corresponded for over a year. His name was Stanley Huntly. He became so much interested in her that he set a time to call, but she was frightened by that time, and while he was ringing the bell of her apartment, she was hiding behind the Prescription Counter of her Husband's Drug Store.

One adventure dealt with Freaks in a certain Dime Museum, which used to be in New York during the Winter months. The Woman sometimes accompanied her Husband when he came to town to buy goods for his Drug Store. He would leave her at this Museum and call for her when he had finished his business, knowing she would be quite happy until his return. This day he was a little later, and was horrified on entering to see his Wife seated at the piano, with all the freaks around her singing. This is what had happened—

As the noon hour approached, the visitors left the Museum, and the Woman soon got chummy with the freaks. (It is my private opinion that she will talk to the Angel Gabriel on the last day, if he gives her half a chance). A copy of a popular song lay on the piano. The Living Skeleton (really a most interesting man with a fine bass voice) remarked to the Fat Lady "I wish someone would play this—it's fine." The Girl Woman timidly volunteered,

and soon they were all greatly enjoying themselves. The Albino Lady was a most excellent contralto, the Fat Lady a piercing soprano, while the Knife Swallower furnished a good tenor, and the Living Skeleton before mentioned, a bass. The Midgets and Bearded Lady joined in the chorus.

Glancing over her shoulder the Woman discovered the room half-filled with people, most interesting listeners to the free concert given for their amusement, with her Husband in the front row his eyes like large full blue moons!

Then there was the adventure at the Museum in London. It was before the war, when the suffragettes were earning their title of "Wild Women" by their vicious destruction of property—public and private. It had reached such a pass that some of the statues were roped off to prevent their mutilating them, and their handbags were searched for possible small hammers which might be contained therein. In fact, a country Vicar's daughter in Yorkshire had told a friend how annoyed she was on going through the Museum to have a man ask her to open her handbag. The fact that she *was* a suffragette, though her handbag contained no hammer, seemed to make her still angrier.

As the Woman was slowly ambling along she noticed the sign "Contents of handbags will be shown on request of the Official" near where one of

the uniformed employees stood by a staircase. The Woman *had* a handbag, though of course no hammer, and she thought what fun it would be if she could repeat the Vicar's daughter's experience. She walked slowly along—the man glanced at her but said nothing, so Donna Quixote said to him "Don't you want to look in my little bag?" A slow, British smile overspread his broad pleasant countenance, as he said "No, you don't look like one of those wild women." "No," Donna Quixote replied, "I'm not." Then they had a long interesting conversation over the havoc the silly creatures had made.

Two policemen have figured in Donna Quixote's life—and one was wax. The flesh and blood one she accosted once in the Strand, asking if he knew of a place where she could find hair pins. Pausing only long enough to rescue a frenzied Tourist from a taxi and sudden death, he slowly said "Walk up two streets to Villier's, half way down on the left you'll find a shop where you can get hair pins"—and she did! The wax policeman stood at the doors of Madame Tussand's (now, alas, destroyed by fire) and once she timidly touched his arm as she asked which was the right entrance.

Though the Woman never encountered Windmills, like her male prototype, she had many adventures with brutal drivers and their patient suffering horses. It disturbed her especially to see the check-

rein on a horse in a hilly country, and as her summers were usually spent in the Berkshires (when not in England) she saw many such. Several years she was in the Notch in Massachusetts -a lovely farmhouse at the end of the road, not far from North Adams, and just at the beginning of the climb to Mount Greylock.

It was her custom to speak to the drivers of horses who were checked, in a tactful manner, telling them how much easier the horses would draw the load if the check were loosened. In not one instance was her advice disregarded, and one year as she arrived at her summer home, she was delighted to see a sign at the beginning of the ascent reading "Drivers will please uncheck their horses." It had been put up by a Clergyman with whom she had had many an earnest conversation on the subject.

Ah, well—the sign is down now, for this was over twenty years ago, and the farmhouse which she used to call "Paradise Regained" is gone, and only Mountain Laurel and thick underbrush mark the spot where she and her son used to be so happy.

But when the Woman goes to Heaven she will meet many ghosts of horses who will say (or neigh) to her "You are the woman who made our hard lot a little easier up Greylock Mountain," and she will give them a lump of sugar which she will keep for just such emergencies under her left wing, and will

say "I'm so glad I thought to do it, but Mr. Henry Bergh who founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals deserves much more gratitude from you than I." And a nice brown horse, with a white star on his forehead will say "That may be true, still it was the little things which counted in our sad, sad life of long ago."

GENERAL BOOTH, ASHBOURNE
DERBYSHIRE

GENERAL BOOTH, ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE

One summer I was stopping in Ashbourne, Derby., at the "Green Man and Black's Head," when I saw for the first and only time the late venerable General Booth, founder of that magnificent organization, The Salvation Army.

Ashbourne is a fine old market town in Derbyshire, not so far from Cambridge, half sister to Oxford, in a scholastic sense.

The "Green Man and Black's Head" is an old rambling Inn, and originally comprised two adjacent ones, the "Green Man" and "Black's Head," but many years ago they were merged in one, and a sign extending across the street said "Green Man and Black's Head, Royal Hotel." At the top are the Royal Arms, while in the centre hangs an enormous picture representing on one side a man in green (hunting costume), and on the reverse side a grinning black face, from which the former Inn took its name. The Green Man of course symbolized the hunting district, of which Ashbourne has always been the centre, but I never learned what the Black's Head stood for.

It was a wonderful old Inn, and except for the in-

congruous sign "Garage—Petrol," which hung below the big one which extended across the street, there was nothing to make you realize you were not living 150 years ago.

From the windows of the enormous old Coffee Room on the second floor, where I took most of my meals, you looked down into the courtyard, big enough to accommodate a dozen Coaches and Four. Now, alas! there were many motors, mostly sightseeing Americans, and others, raging through the countryside looking for God knows what! for they never stopped long enough to do more than get a luncheon, and then on again! My idea of future punishment is being an enforced companion to one of those people!

On Market Days, Tuesdays and Fridays, the courtyard would be full of big carrier wagons, which had come in from the outlying villages. There would be chickens, geese, ducks and rabbits, which would hang dangling over the heads of the dozen or more buxom farmers' wives, who with their laps full of butter and eggs would exchange their commodities for coin of the realm later in the big market square, where hundreds of women would presently assemble to buy and sell. There would be

little wagonettes and pony traps later in the courtyard, and I was never tired of looking at them.

When I had finished my noon-day meal in the Coffee Room, of Chicken Veal and Ham Pie, or Cold Salmon (perhaps both, if I felt more than usually "Peckish," to quote Dickens), an Apple or Gooseberry Tart, a wonderful salad of Lettuce, Celery and Radishes, and the choice of Stilton, Cheshire, and half a dozen other kinds of cheese, but best of all then, and how much more now, a big mug of Bass and Guinness Stout poured simultaneously with a most reverent care by your waiter.

Then I would sally out into the Market Square and just mooch around, enjoying everything. The farmers would be comparing their live stock with others, while the women, children and dogs mixed in a happy, carefree throng.

I remember once I found at a local jewelers' a lovely old garnet bracelet, about an inch wide, set in old yellowish gold, and not a garnet missing. I only paid £1 for it, and a week or so later my New England conscience troubled me, for fear the young man who waited on me at the shop had made a mistake in the price. But "No" he said (in evident astonishment), "that was all the people who brought it in asked for it." This was years ago, however, and I doubt if the incident could be repeated.

GENERAL BOOTH AT ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE

Forgive the long digression. I forgot I was telling about Gen. Booth.

It was a silvery sunshiny day when I saw General Booth, (English sunshine is always more like silver than gold) but this was one of the brightest days I ever knew. An unusual stir in the town told me something important was to happen! It was not a Market Day—what could it be? I soon learned that General Booth was to make an address in the big Town Hall. Though Mr. Booth was born in Ashbourne, there was no Salvation Army Barracks in the quaint old town.

I soon found my way to the Town Hall which was filled with the usual orderly crowd of English people, mostly women. On the platform was the venerable form of General Booth, with his Staff and a number of town officials. He was a very imposing figure, with snowy hair and beard, as he stood up to make the address. Signs were posted around to the effect that no one must go out while the General was speaking, and the doors were locked when he began, but I wondered, in my irreverent American way, what would happen if some one had a fit! Fortunately no one did, but an incident happened that would have given me a fit (if fits are caused by untoward circumstances) when a lady in the front row and quite near the platform was admonished by the General in these

words, (at the same time pointing a long, pale finger at her) "Don't use that fan! it annoys me, and I must conserve my strength." Needless to say the fan was laid down.

I don't remember much that he said—as his great age and feeble voice made one more worried than attentive. After he had finished, I went up with others and was introduced as "the lady from America." He said, as he took my hand in his, "You have a great country." Then others crowded up and I saw him no more. It was his last motor trip—the one in which he was blinded in one eye by a pebble striking it. I was very glad to have had the opportunity of seeing one of the greatest (if not *the* greatest) religious figures this Age has known.

STATION MASTERS

STATION MASTERS

A Station Master in Yorks., whom I knew once, resembled nothing so much as a small, bluish-red Turkey Cock. Though the village was tiny, he bore himself with great dignity as he met the few trains which came in during the day, and collected the tickets, and waved the tiny flag like a pocket handkerchief to signal their departure.

It was in the first years of my visits to England, when I was ignorant of many usages regarding tips. He had been helpful in assisting the porter to collect my various "Boxes and bags" (to speak of them Englishwise) and I rashly offered him a few coppers (which was sufficient for tons of luggage to the porter in those days). I can still see the slow purpling of his face, from dark red to a light blue, as he waved the proffered tip aside. Though he wasn't much more than five feet in height, I was quite crushed! His dignity was so impressive.

However, in the weeks to come we soon got to be very good friends, and once while I was waiting on the platform for a friend, I proffered him a small bag of Everton Toffee (than which there is no better), with the request to "Have a sweetie?" and the amiability with which he took some and thanked

me for the same, made me very proud, and more than made up for my discomfiture at the faux pas of my first encounter with him.

Railway people were always kind to me. I remember once traveling from Yorkshire to Derbyshire in a local (series of) train, for which we changed many, many times in the course of the journey. I had to make a close connection, and the Guard was kind enough to offer to send a wire to hold the train for ten or fifteen minutes for me. I had assured him that I was in no hurry, for then, as now, I believe that delays often spell delightful adventure, and then too I wanted him to know of one American who was not in a hurry! But he persisted—even bringing the wire to show me at the carriage window just before our train came in, with the other one standing motionless, waiting for humble Me! I felt quite like Royalty! I gave him no tip, only my card, and thanks, and I don't believe he expected any!

My only unpleasant experience, and that was more amusing than annoying, occurred once at the station at York in 1915. The war had been on for a year, and already some of the public servants were losing their fine civility. I stood by the door of the first-class carriage with my husband and a young friend I had known for many years. Mr. Kilmer and I were going up to London and shortly were to

sail for home. Our big luggage was in a van, while the smaller pieces, with our coats, etc., were in the empty carriage we had engaged. As we were chatting, the train began slowly moving. I ran along a few steps, then going back, said to a Guard "Is that train really going to London?" He answered in quite an American tone "Why yes—why didn't you get on—I saw you standing here, talking for quite a while." I was so indignant at *every*thing, missing my train, and the import and tone of his remark, so utterly un-English, as I had known for many years, that I could not refrain from looking at him coldly, and saying in an even tone "That will be about all from *you*." My boy companion, who kept a Gramophone and Cycle Shop in York, where the Guard was a customer, turned a bright red, but my remark squelched the man as I meant it to. He had been spoiled by Cook's Tourists and the War, or he would never have answered me thus.

To conclude the incident, we learned another train left ten minutes later—a wire was sent, and when we arrived in London, and got out of the carriage there was our luggage all neatly piled on the platform, with a guard touching his cap and saying "Is this Dr. Kilmer?"

But I have had innumerable kindnesses from Railway people. I remember one porter when I was waiting at York for a train bringing a friend.

He thought I was "nervy" (as the English say) so he said in a kind, fatherly manner, "Now you just go in the Ladies' Room and have a cup of tea while you are waiting."

I spoke to a policeman once at York Station about which gate a young Curate friend from London who was coming from London, would be apt to enter. He said (after I had described my friend as being young and in clerical dress) "You go in the Ladies' Room and I'll bring him to you." He did! And the spectacle of a bewildered young curate ushered in by a policeman was one long to be remembered!

AFTERNOON NAPS—IMPOSSIBLE!

AFTERNOON NAPS—IMPOSSIBLE!

It is four-thirty P.M., and a holy calm rests over the landscape. For many years, under the advice of my Physician, I have vainly tried to make from two to four restful—if perchance I got forty minutes sleep in that interval, I was devoutly thankful, and extremely, nay enthusiastically grateful, but it seldom occurs. Why it is, I have never been able to discover!

Supposing one is in a quiet (?) Country Hotel, with from ten to twenty inmates (the word is used advisedly) and your room happens to be in the front. From two to three-thirty the Piazza sitters prattle. Little Jimmy prefers that time for his favourite game of horse, just under my window—seated on the back of an older boy who playfully dislodges him at frequent intervals, he shrieks joyously all the time, whether he is on or off. Happy, happy childhood! One tries not to remember Charles Lamb's remark when asked if he liked children, and his reply "Yes, I am very fond of them, boiled!" and as for King Herod, one regards him, at such moments, as a positive benefactor to the human race! The busy Lawn-mower, which today has plied back and forth under my window from three to four, has ceased its labors. The lawn is in

beautiful condition! I wish my nerves were! At home it is just as bad—On the front door is a neat placard, saying, "Please do not ring the bell between two and four." Result! they *pound* on the door, making more noise than ten bells! The Telephone is always most busy at that time, and fellow servants of my cook and waitress, finding time hangs heavily on their hands, seek those hours to ring and have a little conversation, and when I frenziedly grasp the receiver, at the head of my bed (for of course I hear the telephone before any one downstairs gets to the one in the hall) and weakly answer "Yes?" I hear a negro voice saying "Kin I speak to Mrs. Jones (the cook) or Miss Nettie Jennings (the waitress)?" By that time I am fully awake, and the only comfort my outraged soul can find is to say tartly "You may *not!* I allow no telephoning between two and four." But not all are from my servants' friends (of course my own know my habits and do not call me up at that time). But once I had a most horrible experience. It is my fatal habit, which I don't seem able to break to talk to any interesting-looking person sitting next to me on a short train journey. Of course only females, don't be shocked, kind reader! They usually give me their name, which I promptly forget, and them too. One afternoon I was really asleep, but the Telephone got in its deadly work, and I

rose on one elbow, and sleepily said "Yes?" A perfectly unknown girl's voice said "Is this Mrs. ——?" I answered "Yes" resignedly, and the bright young voice went on to say "Well, I was in town visiting my sister-in-law, and I thought I'd like to come up and call." If she hadn't wakened me, or had called after I had had my nap and tea, my usually benignant disposition would have asserted itself, and I would have weakly allowed her to come though I hadn't the very faintest idea who she was, but I was cross—and so I said "But who are you?" And she answered "Why, I am Miss ———. Don't you remember? I talked to you in the train one day last winter." I'm afraid I was still madder then, and I said "I don't remember you. I'm sorry, but this is the hour when I *try* to sleep." She was angry by this time, and in a distinctly injured tone, said "Oh, it's of no consequence, but I thought you'd like to see me" and hung up—and I presume she is my enemy for life, just because she took that special time for telephoning. I presume she was (and is) a charming girl, and I haven't the faintest doubt that I had invited her to call, if she ever happened to be in my town.

But what tries my soul the most, are the criticisms made on my reprehensible habit of sleeping in the afternoon, by acquaintance—Bromidic people who haven't an ill nerve in their bodies, and if they

have an idea in their heads, wouldn't know what to do with it, are the most disturbed. They will say "Why! do you sleep from two till four o'clock?" In vain I tell them that as it takes some time to get ready for bed, and still more for my nerves to quiet down, so that I can really lose myself in "Great Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," they do not seem to grasp the idea—so their next sapient remark is "Why, I should think if you sleep all the afternoon, you couldn't sleep at night." It is quite hopeless, though alas! too true, to tell them that *when* I get a few minutes' sleep in the afternoon, is always the time when I sleep best at night—"They never believe me" to quote from one of George Grossmith's songs.

Then too, they seem to take it as a personal affront that I absent myself from their charming company on the front piazza. They sometimes say "Aren't you lonely up in your room all the afternoon?" Politeness forbids my answering "Heavens, Yes! but not as lonely as I should be, listening to your inane remarks."

But never till I rest under the perfectly good Monument that has been erected for just such an emergency, do I expect really to *sleep!* with nothing to disturb me. It *will* seem good! and I do hope that when Gabriel blows his horn, He will wait, and come to my resting place *last!*

THE DIFFICULTY OF GROWING OLD

THE DIFFICULTY OF GROWING OLD

I have heard or I have originated the thought which does not seem probable, that one of the very greatest tragedies in life is to be old and not feel it. I do not mean those withered old people who gaily twirl a stick and declare that they are as young as they ever were! Or the other old person, who by the insufficient aid of cosmetics and dress, fondly hopes to beguile the beholder. No--what I really mean is the one who never sleeps without thinking "Do you realize that you are an old person and have no business to feel as you do!"

To such a one in their daytime moments, before the nighttime comes of self examinati. n and reproach—the birds, the flowers, the trees have the same fascination that they ever did. A noble view—a wayside group, human nature in every guise in street cars or assemblies still holds them entranced—cruelty to man or beast still arouses the same repellent horror, with the same passionate determination to put a stop to it—and above all the same keen sense of the ludicrous which finds humour in so much of life as it passes, all speak of the eternal spirit of youth which remains with some—to their own annoyance, as I said before, when they think themselves over at night.

MRS. KILBURN-KILMER 1918
HER SON, SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER, FIGHTING IN FRANCE

Such people are perpetual enigmas to their little world as well as to themselves. They will hear of acquaintances saying, "When is ——— going to settle down?" Who little realize that it is as difficult for the person criticized to take the same humdrum view of life that the objector does, as it is for the critics to feel delight and zest of living every moment of the day. To such a nature (the young-old which I am trying to describe) the latest grief comes with the same horrible intensity as in their youth, and they long to be like Tennyson's old woman who could not weep for the death of her first born—and yet—when the clouds have lifted just a little and they see again the same bright sun shining through—and they feel the same buoyant delight in every passing thing, they realize that perhaps it isn't so great a tragedy after all—their growing old, yet obstinately keeping young.

You never hear such people say with an air of apology "I feel young!" Because they are young—and it seldom occurs to them to doubt what is to them an ever-present fact. Burns said once "Oh! wad the power the giftie gie us to see 'oorsels as ithers see us," which would be a most confusing spectacle to many—because love blinds the eyes of our friends and makes them think us nearly perfect, while, "envy, hatred and all uncharitableness" cloud the vision of the rest of our little world.

MR. JONES HAS A DIFFERENT BIRTHDAY

MR. JONES HAS A DIFFERENT BIRTHDAY

For many years Mrs. Jones had celebrated her husband's Birthday by a cake and gift, at first making the cake herself, but as the years rolled on, had relegated that duty to the cook, or she sent an order to the confectioner's, but this year she formed a mighty resolution that she herself and none other should prepare the Birthday dinner, just as she used to do, in the days when she was the sole mistress of her tiny home and kitchen.—So, going into that room, she told the astonished Cook and Waitress of her intention.

She decided that she would cook a chicken just as she used to do, and in a way which always made the toughest fowl tender and most delightful! First she filled a large bowl with a weak brine of salt and water, then put the parts of the chicken, cut as for fricasse, in the water, and thoroughly washed all the blood and slime from the parts, wiping them well with a clean cloth. Then she placed them in a small kettle, adding lumps of butter, a very small onion sliced, some chopped celery and a little salt and pepper. From a kettle of boiling water she poured just enough to cover the chicken, and the

instant it was well boiling, set it on the back of the stove where it gently simmered, never boiling hard, which is the ruin of much food, until the chicken was tender.

In the meantime, she had a large frying pan with a big lump of butter heating also on the back of the range. Taking out each piece of chicken carefully in a skimmer, she placed them in the browned butter till they turned a most delicious brown, then turned each piece on the other side. While this was being done, she took one and one-half cups of sweet milk, and in a small bowl, rubbed a heaping tablespoonful of flour with a large lump of butter, stirred it with the milk till it was a smooth mixture, then added it very slowly to the liquid left in the pot from which the chicken had been taken, bringing it all to a boil while doing so; the result being a most delicious gravy.

She had decided to give Mr. Jones still another treat on his Birthday by making an entree of cabbage, cooked as his mother had cooked it.

Taking a small tender cabbage she chopped it fine in a bowl, then put it in a kettle with pepper, salt and a large piece of suet—of course, butter might be used, but Mother Jones had used suet.—Covering it with boiling water she let it cook gently for twenty minutes, then added two-thirds of a cup of vinegar and let it boil ten minutes more.

That, with other vegetables which she allowed the Cook to prepare, formed the Birthday dinner. Mr. Jones enjoyed it all very much, and after cutting the cake, which was *not* made by Mrs. Jones, —said that it had been a very successful party.

Mrs. Jones retired for her afternoon siesta (the Birthday dinner was always at noon, as it used to be when Mr. Jones was a boy), feeling well repaid for her labours.

The next morning, when the Russian waitress brought in Mrs. Jones' early cup of tea (her great accomplishment), she also brought the gratifying! intelligence that the cook had a raging toothache, and had gone home to prepare for a visit to the dentist, so Mrs. Jones arose to get Breakfast, a thing she hadn't done for some years.

She made the coffee the old-fashioned way—than which there is none better—by first washing an egg, then breaking it into a bowl with the crushed shell and 1½ cups of freshly ground coffee, and two cups of cold water. After beating it well together she put it on the stove, and when it came to a boil, stirred it again, and added to the contents of the coffee pot three or four cups of boiling water—then when it all came to a boil again, she set the pot on the back of the stove, to keep hot 'till the rest of the meal was ready. Fortunately there were some baked apples, for Mrs. Jones believed in fruit as a

start, for the first meal, and then she broiled nicely a few rashers of bacon, and that, with some golden brown toast, buttered, and a cup of hot milk poured over them, made what Mr. Jones called "the best breakfast *he* had eaten in many moons."

Then luncheon had to be thought out, and Mrs. Jones remembered a dish of creamed codfish, which her mother used to prepare. She could see the noble codfish hanging on the back of the cellar stairs—from which her mother would cut a generous portion and put to soak the night before! but that, of course, was quite out of the question! as any self-respecting grocer now-a-days would have a fit, at the thought of selling (or even seeing) a whole codfish! However, in the pantry, Mrs. Jones found some prepared codfish in tins—the contents of one she put in cold water, and when it came slowly to a boil, she strained every drop through a colander, and put the fish in nearly a quart of cold milk, with a large lump of butter, and let the whole come slowly to a boil, in a double boiler. In the meantime, she beat to a foam two eggs, then added a good half cup of milk, and poured it, gently stirring all the time, on a large tablespoonful of sifted flour. When it was nice and smooth, she stirred it into the boiling fish and milk, but set it to the back of the stove at once, as she knew it would curdle if boiled too long. The waitress, under her instruc-

tions, had scrubbed six white potatoes of equal size, with a vegetable brush, and they were baking in the gas oven, because it was hotter than that of the range. Celery, cheese and sliced tomatoes, with strawberry jam to finish off with, made a very excellent luncheon, so Mr. Jones said.

After resting a little from her arduous, because unaccustomed, labours, Mrs. Jones decided to have a New England boiled dinner, such as *her* mother used to cook. At about four o'clock she put a fine piece of corned beef (about four pounds) into a kettle half full of cold water, and let it come to a boil, where it cooked slowly for several hours, 'till it was tender—but before that happened, she had the waitress thoroughly wash, in warm water, scraping the rind as well—a piece of fat salt pork. When it was quite clean, it was put by itself in a kettle of boiling water, and shortly afterwards a small cabbage, cut in quarters, was put with the pork. As it was a winter cabbage, it needed over an hour's steady boiling. Half an hour before it was tender, she had six white potatoes and four turnips peeled (cutting the latter vegetable in quarters), and put both in to boil with the corned beef. The beets she boiled in a kettle by themselves—eight or ten of them—as she knew they would be delicious, sliced, peppered and salted, and vinegar

poured over them, for the next day's luncheon, i.e., if any were left.

For the sweet, she made her own special recipe of rice pudding, taking a scant half cupful of rice, and after washing it well, putting it with one quart of cold milk to cook gradually on the back of the stove. When it was quite soft, she put in ¼ teaspoonful of salt, a large lump of butter, 2/3 cup of white sugar, a quarter of a small nutmeg, and the yolk of four eggs, which she beat well separately, before adding to the pudding. Then she beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff foam, adding a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and poured over the top. It was then put in the oven (after sprinkling a few drops of Vanilla extract over it, which made it look like diamonds, or rhinestones any way, that had been added). It was then put in the top of the oven, just long enough to lightly brown the meringue. Her after-dinner coffee she made in a percolator on the table. The Birthday dinner had been at noon, but Mr. Jones said this one was even better!

The next day the cook arrived minus a tooth, but able to resume her duties. Mr. Jones was sorry, but Mrs. Jones wasn't!

BEFORE THE END

BEFORE THE END

It was the Summer of 1918. The land was full of anxious mothers who looked in the papers each morning for the horribly dreaded news of their sons in France. Their fears quieted for one little day, they would write the daily letters to him, then turn feverishly to their knitting, to most of them a new art.

One of these women had been induced to go to L., a little village in Connecticut, for a fortnight's rest. She had been torn with anxiety over her husband's breakdown from toxic poisoning, following an attack of grippe, and who had returned from Philadelphia, where he had been under the care of Dr. ——. But now he had been home for some weeks, and was back at his business, and anxious that she should go away for a rest and change.

To make it easier for her, he had sent one of the young men from the Mills to help her with her luggage till she got to the train at Grand Central Station, where a reservation had been made. On the train going to New York she invited the young man to sit with her, for she was always very democratic. She soon put him at his ease, and he told her of the pleasant day he expected to spend in Town, as he had been given the day off. She told

him of her son in France, and as her needles flew over her knitting, she showed him the socks she was making for Him. The young man volunteered the information that he had enlisted, but his eyesight was poor and they would not pass him.

Arriving in the Pennsylvania Station they took a taxi for the Grand Central, and after placing her in the train, the young man left her. She soon made friends with two ladies in chairs near her, and talked, as always, of her son, while she knitted on the socks she expected would cover the dear feet she had kissed in his sweet babyhood so many, many times, but which now were toiling among unknown horrors! A news vender came along. The woman bought a Scribner's, and turning through its pages found the poem "Rouge Boquet." "Oh see!" she said, "here is his last poem." (How little she realized the awful truth of what she said). "He sent me the manuscript copy from France, and said it would be out in Scribner's September number."

Arriving at L., she bid her friends goodbye, and was taken to the Inn, where a room had been engaged for her. After a light supper in the deserted dining room (for it was evening), she went to her room, and after unpacking went directly to bed. The next morning she slept later than usual from fatigue and worry, so had breakfast served in her room, and

about ten o'clock started out to explore the town and go to Church. After the service she had a strange disinclination to leave. The Rector spoke to her, and told her of his son in France, and she told him of hers.

Arriving at the Inn one of the men at the desk handed her a telegram, saying "Here is something which has come for you." She opened the envelope, and reading the hideous news, grasped the man by the collar of his coat and shaking him as easily as if he had been a little boy, constantly reiterated the words, "It isn't true—you know it isn't true!" while wild stormy sobs shook her. She knew no one in the Inn, but when the first violence of her grief had spent itself, she said—"Call Grace, she knows me." Grace was the coloured chambermaid, and the only woman she had spoken to since she came the night before. However, a kind woman guest took her to her room and got a bromide to quiet her nerves, but she spent the rest of the day walking up and down in her room, and suffering as only a mother can. Her husband and maid came late in the afternoon. And now let me give the conclusion of the incident.

Two years later when she was still bearing her sorrow, but in a dull trance of horror, a young man accosted her on the street, saying "This Mrs. —? May I speak to you for a moment?" She looked

at him, though not recognising him, and said "Yes —who wishes to speak to me?" He said "You won't remember me, but I took you to Grand Central Station some time ago. The next day the news of your Son's death came, and I remembered how you had talked of him, and though I had been refused to enter the war on account of poor eyesight, I went to other stations until I found one which passed me. I went to France and served till the Armistice."

The woman proffered her hand, and saying "I congratulate you," passed on!

MUSICAL PIECES

A LULLABY FOR A BABY FAIRY

Poem by

JOYCE KILMER

(from "Summer of Love" Baker & Taylor Pub^g Co New York)

MUSIC BY

Annie Kilburn-Kilmer.

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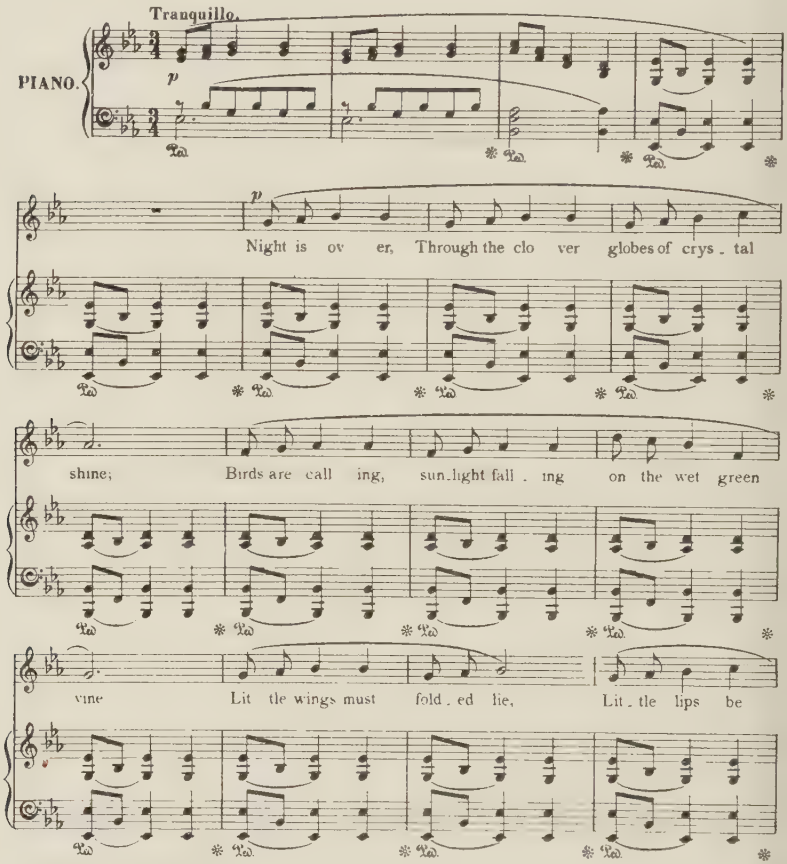
LULLABY FOR A BABY FAIRY.

Poem by
JOYCE KILMER.
(From Summer of Love?
Baker and Taylor Co, New York.)

Music by
ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER.



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still, While the sun is in the sky, ov er Fai ry Hill

Slowly.

p

Sleep, sleep, sleep, Ba_by with but_ter_cup' hair:

p

Gold_en rays, Gold_en rays, in_to the vi_o_let creep.

Dream, dream, deep, Dream of the night re_vels fair,

Lullaby for a Baby Fairy.

Day - light stays, day - light stays, Sleep, lit - tle Fai - ry Child,

sleep!

p

Rest in day - time, Night is play - time, All good fair - ies know,

p

Un - der sigh - ing grass - es ly - ing, off to slum - ber go.

Night will come with stars a-gleam, li-lies in her hand,

Call-ing you from Hills of Dream, back to Fai-ry-land.

Slowly.

p

Sleep, sleep, sleep, Ba-by with but-ter-cup hair:

p

Gold-en rays, gold-en rays, in-to the vi-o-let creep.

Lullaby for a Baby Fairy

Dream, dream, deep, Dream of the night re - vels

fair, Day - light stays, day - light stays,

1.

Sleep, lit - tle Fai - ry Child, sleep!

2.

sleep!

pp

rit.

Lullaby for a Baby Fairy.

A VALENTINE.

Words by

JOYCE KILMER

Music by

ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER.

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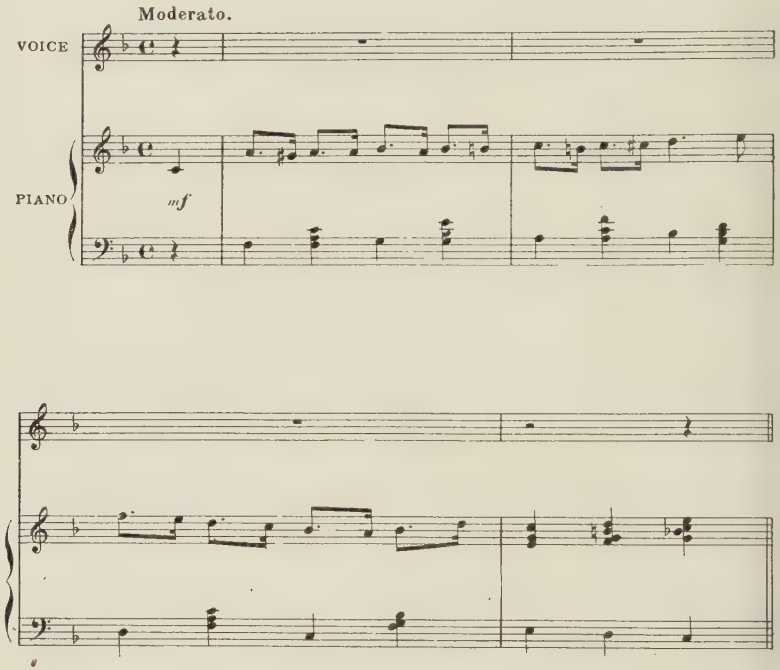

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The Eng - lish mea - dows call her, and the

p

streets of Lon - don Town, And the plea - sant lit - tle vil - la - ges, a

-mong the York-shire hills, She can see the roads like rib - bons white, that

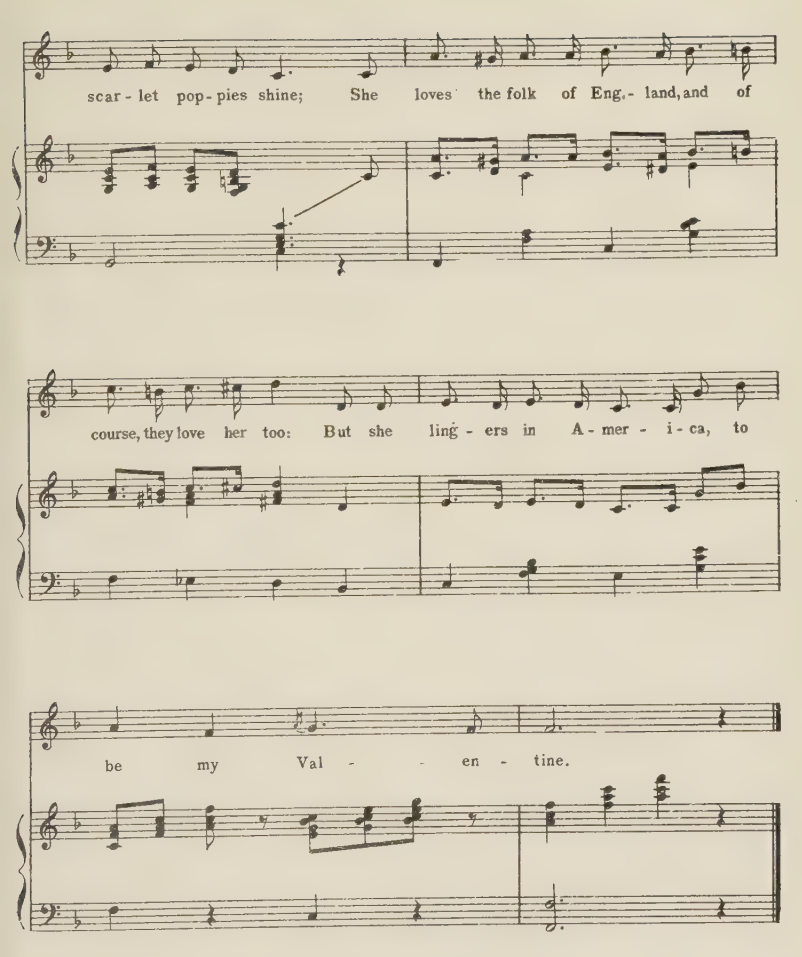
4 Valentine 4

stretch a-cross the down; And the great slow turn - ing sails of sleep - y

mills. She longs for state - ly man - sions, in whose

eaves the pi - geons coo; And she longs for yel - low corn - fields where the

A Valentine 4


scar - let pop - pies shine; She loves the folk of Eng,- land, and of
course, they love her too: But she ling - ers in A - mer - i - ca, to
be my Val - - en - tine.

GIFTS OF SHEE.

Poem by

JOYCE KILMER

(from "SUMMER OF LOVE" Baker & Taylor Pub.g Co. New York)

MUSIC BY

Annie Kilburn-Kilmer.

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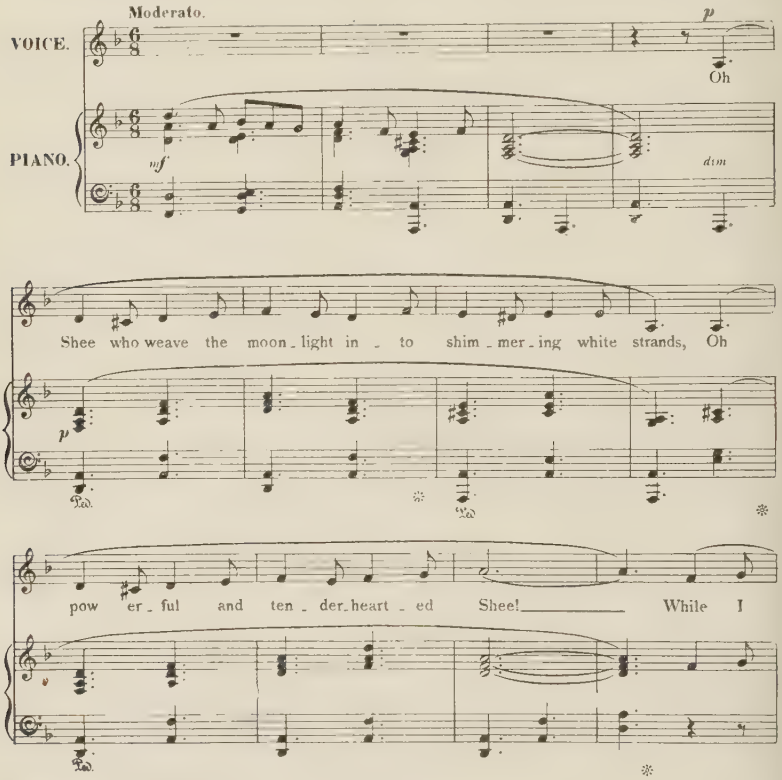

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live at home in plen - ty or am poor in far - off lands, I will

thank you for the gifts you gave to me. For the

sil - ver col - lar that you wrought me by your ma - gic art, For the

scar let seal that on my lips you set, For the

mf

glo - ri - ous white flow'r that you placed up - on my heart, When the

sun and moon shall die, I'll thank you yet.

p

For a

mf

dim.

round my throat the sil ver col - lar of soft arms I wear, On my

p

mouth sweet lips have fixed the scar - let seal, On my

heart the per fect flow - er white of death - less love I

bear, And these charms, your gifts, en sure my last ing

weal. Oh Shee who weave the moon - light in - to

shim - mer - ing white strands, Oh pow - er - ful and

ten - der - heart - ed Shee! Though I live at home in

mf

plen - ty or am poor in far - off lands, I will

thank you for the gifts you gave to me.

rit.

f

Gifts of Shee

THE SONG OF TERRE D'AMOUR

POEM BY

Joyce Kilmer.

Music by

ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER.

Copyright.

THE SONG OF TERRE D'AMOUR.

Poem by
JOYCE KILMER.

Music by
ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER.

Brightly.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

p

1. Av - a - lon's a plea - sant place, full of leaves and sing - ing;
2. On O - lym - pus gods re - cline, Jove who rules the thun - der,

Birds are there and all the air is sweet with flow - ers' breath,
Pal las wise, and she whose eyes like lakes of sap - phire seem,

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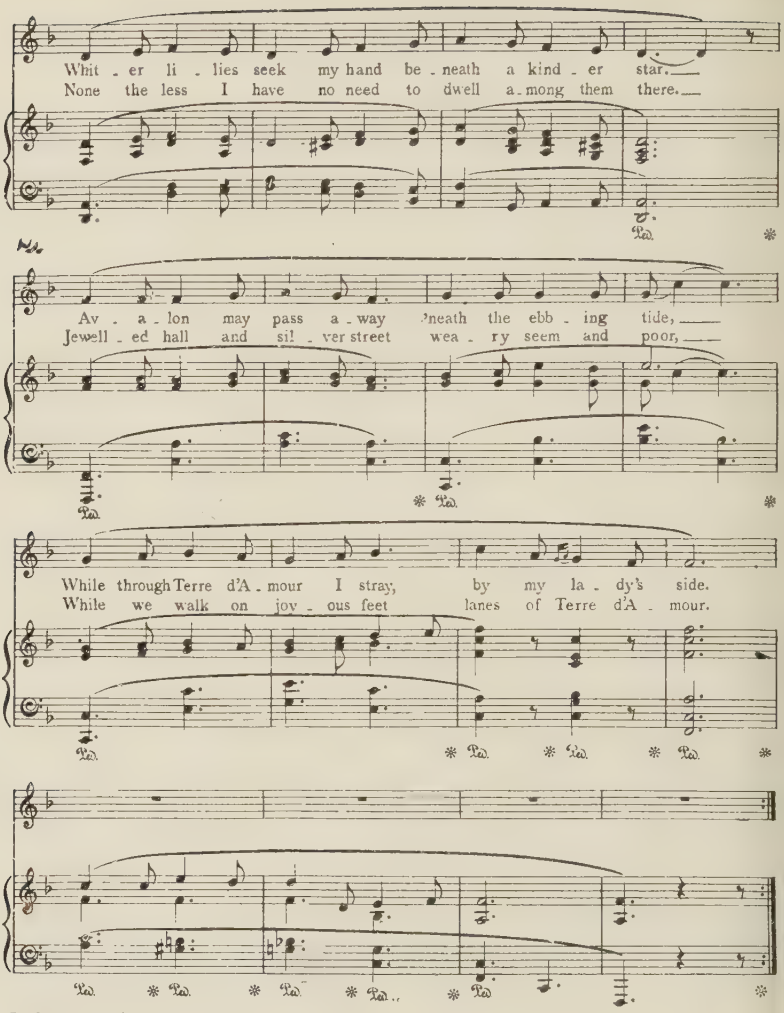
Guen - e - vere with love - lit face, knights with har - ness
Hear - ty Bac - chus crowned with vine, lords, of light and

ring - ing, These at last to joy have passed be -
won - der La - dies gay, these night and day live

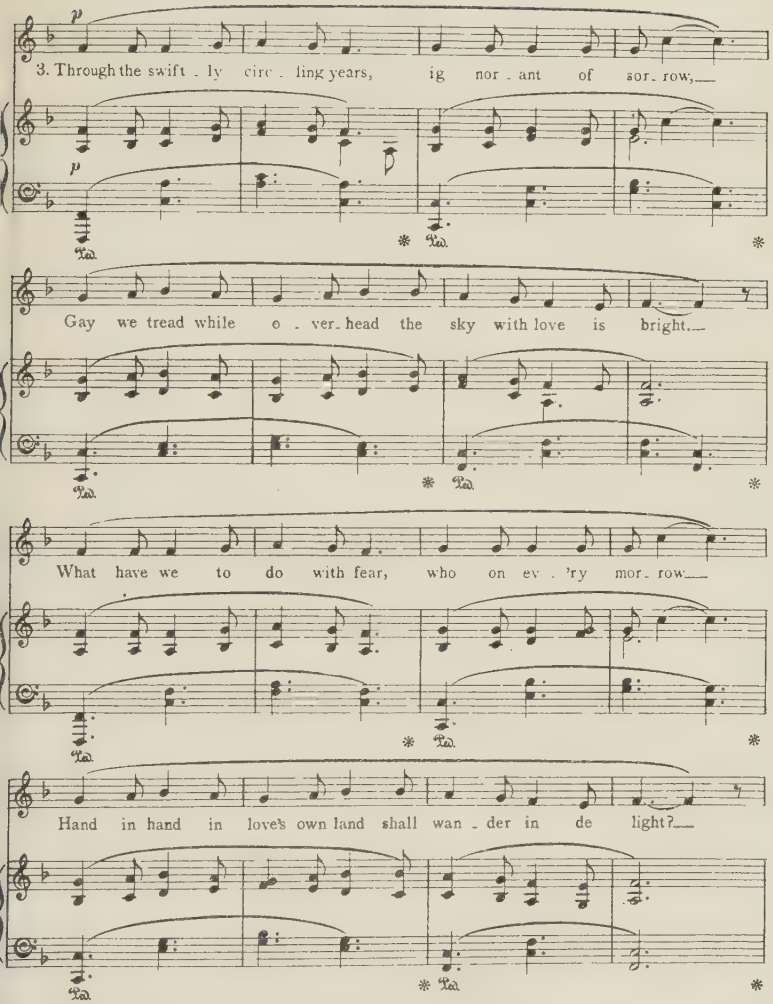
yond the Gates of Death. But there is a
out a gold - en dream. They are hap - py

fair - er land, green - er fields there are,
folk in - deed, splen - did mirth they share,

The Song of Terre d'Amour.



The Song of Terre d'Amour.



The Song of Terre d'Amour.

Terre d'A_mour a_bout us lies, e_ver young and green,

Vi o_lets and dai_sies rise to greet you as the queen.

On_ly yes ter_night a rose breathed this news to me,

cresc. e rit.

"Ev 'ry_where my la dy goes Terre d'A_mour shall be."

cresc. e rit.

The Song of Terre d'Amour

THE YELLOW GOWN.

Song.

Words by

JOYCE KILMER and
ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER.

MUSIC BY

Annie Kilburn-Kilmer

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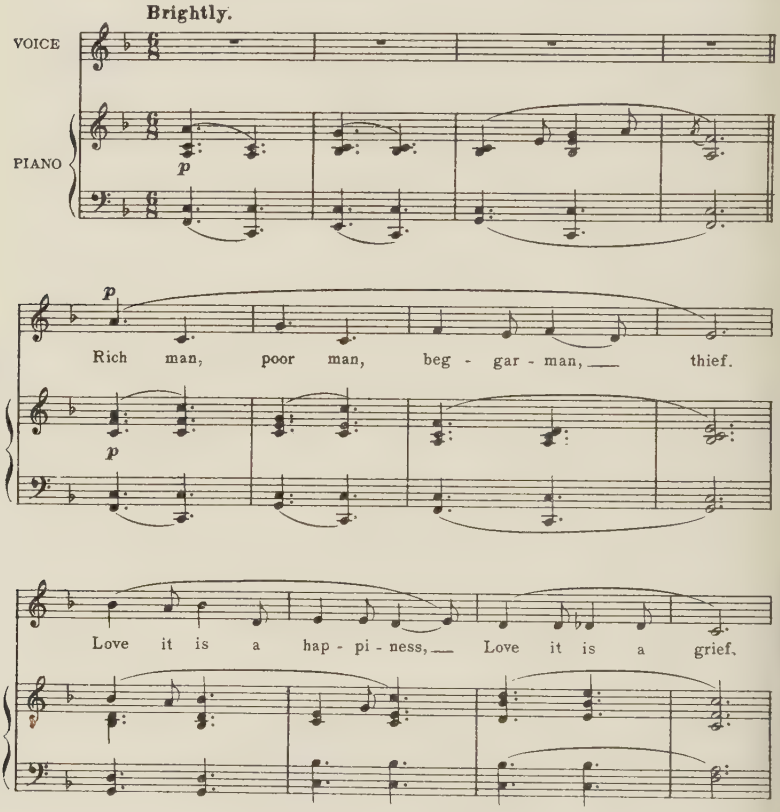

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Geof - frey is a gro - cer, with a po - ny and a cart,

Mich - ael is a beg - gar-man and took a - way my heart.

p

I've a yel - low Sun - day frock,

p

came from Lon - don town, Silk - en but - tons fast - en it, I

count them up and down. Doc - tor, law - yer, mer - chant, chief,

So the rhym - ing ran, Three more but - tons till the last and

that is beg - gar - man.

rit.

mf *Slower.*

Shall I break my mo - ther's heart? Shall I break my own?

mf *Slower.*

Ev - 'ry day I sit and think, And thus I make my moan.

"Geof - frey's cart may lose a wheel, The po - ny break a leg,

rit.

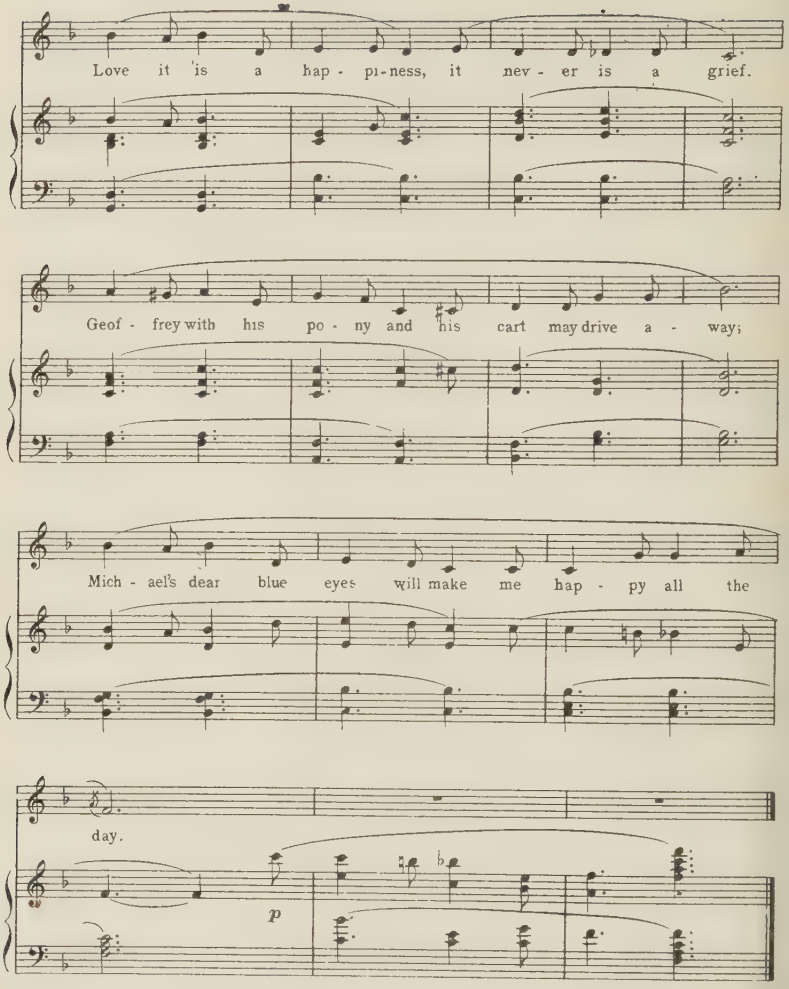
But with Mich - ael by my side, I'd glad - ly glad - ly beg!"

rit.

p a tempo

Rich man, poor man, beg - gar - man thief.

p a tempo


Love it is a hap - pi-ness, it nev - er is a grief.
Geof - frey with his po - ny and his cart may drive a - way;
Mich - ael's dear blue eyes will make me hap - py all the
day.
p

TREES

Poem by

Sergt. JOYCE KILMER

Music by his Mother

ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER

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TREES.

Poem by
Sergt JOYCE KILMER.

Music by his mother
ANNIE KILBURN-KILMER.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

p

I think that I shall

p

nev - er see A po - em love - ly as a tree.

mf

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A tree whose hun - gry

p

mouth is pressed A - gainst the earth's sweet flow - ing breast.

a little slower

A tree that looks at

mf

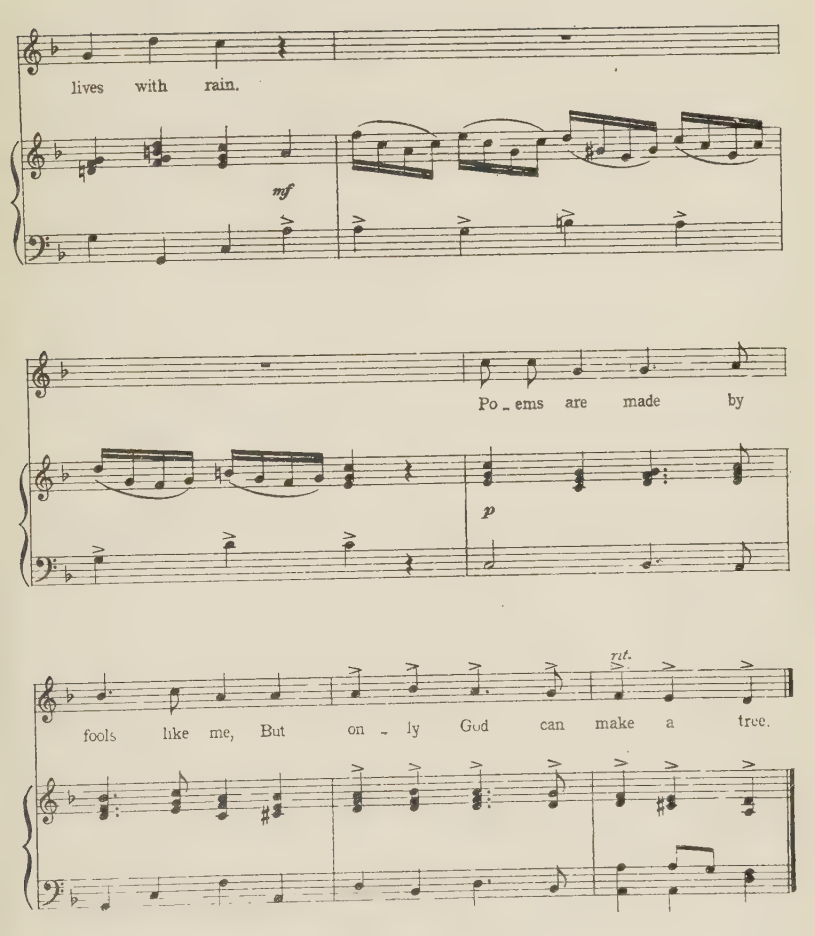
p

God all day, And lifts her leaf - y arms to pray; A

tree that may in sum_mer wear A

nest of rob_ins in her hair; Up_

on whose bo som snow_ has lain; Who in_ tim_ate_ ly


lives with rain.
mf
Po - ems are made by
p
fools like me, But on - ly God can make a tree.
rit.

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